Playing Games

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Playing Games

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will wants a threesome, Hannibal agrees as long as he can choose the other alpha.

Notes

Part 8 of the Plaything Series, sequel to Playtime and Roleplay

At first, as he knew he would, Hannibal had baulked at Will's suggestion of a threesome.

It had taken weeks to plant the seed of the idea, whispering dirty suggestions into Hannibal's ear as they fucked.

Imagine how tight I'd be for you if someone was in my ass whilst you're fucking me.

Imagine how jealous they'd be if they had to watch you make me come.

Imagine what it would feel like to let them use me like a whore, even though you know I'm yours. Only yours.

And even then, as much as his cock twitched at the words as he rode him, Hannibal resisted.

"It's not that you're not enough, Alpha" Will reassured with a purr. "I just get so wet thinking about you watching me get fucked."

"Hmm," Hannibal huffed, "I never took you for someone interested in cuckolding."

"Not cuckolding," Will protested gently as he slid up and down Hannibal's cock, "You always say how beautiful I look when I'm being fucked and I want to give you the optimum view."

He felt Hannibal swell, and he pushed down hard, taking Hannibal's knot inside him.

"I choose the alpha," Hannibal said, holding Will's hips as he began to fuck up into him.

Will nodded as he writhed and panted, meeting each thrust until Hannibal's knot was buried deep and they were tied.

*

Will picked up the note next to the bottle of champagne on the sideboard in the beautiful hotel room that Hannibal had booked for the occasion.

He would only let Will know the time and date that their tryst was to take place. No other details, and so far nothing had surprised Will - the opulent hotel, the exquisite suite, the

champagne. Not even the note that told him that Hannibal would be arriving a little later, encouraging Will to have a glass of champagne and take a bath - make himself comfortable.

With a smile, Will did as bid.

He was towel drying his hair, dressed in a luxurious fluffy hotel robe, when he heard the door to the suite open.

“Bit overboard isn’t it?” He called out into the suite’s lovely reception room. “We could have gone to a hotel that charges by the hour.” Will chuckled as he walked out of the bathroom and immediately stopped-- finally surprised.

“Mr Graham, you look just like the photo your husband supplied.”

Will swallowed, towel hanging from his hand. The man standing just inside the door wore a black suit with a black shirt and tie, his hair was slicked back and he looked like an upscale gangster. He had a small scar across one eye that was slightly milky, and cheekbones that reminded him of Hannibal.

In fact, at the right angle, he looked enough like Hannibal that in the dim lighting of the suite, they might even be somewhat mistaken.

“Fuck…” Will muttered, realising that was exactly why Hannibal had selected this man. The thought of Hannibal seeking out and delivering him something of a doppelganger made him a little wet.

The alpha strode forward, eyes fixed on Will, as he held out his hand to shake.

“Jean Duran,” the alpha also had a European accent, though his tone was colder than Hannibal’s.

“Will,” he replied, taking the offered hand and shaking it.

“Your husband will join us shortly, he wished for us to become acquainted first,” Jean said as he released Will’s hand, stroking his thumb over the back of it as he did so.

“Oh?” Will asked, realising that this was much more coordinated and orchestrated than Will had anticipated.

“He is waiting downstairs in the bar, he asked me to come up first.”

“Hmm,” Will replied, surprised that his husband didn’t want to see his reaction to this doppelganger first hand. But then realisation hit him, “he wants us to begin without him.”

“Yes,” Jean replied, his voice that gravelly purr that alphas used on omegas.

Will chuckled and shook his head. Hannibal was really going all in with this. Was he going to sneak in like a voyeur? Or was he planning to catch them in the act?

Either option started to make Will hard.

“He has given me instructions,” Duran said, stepping closer and closing the distance between them.

“Yeah?” Will asked, feeling a little flustered. It was strange to have this man - a complete stranger - being so familiar when he looked so much like Hannibal. Hannibal who clearly knew what he was doing. Hannibal who was - as with many other parts of their lives - turning this into a game.

“I’m to take you to the bedroom and please you in whatever manner you wish,” Duran answered, drawing a low moan from Will as he slid a hand to Will’s hip..

His eyes were piercing, so cold despite the deep brown colour, so different from Hannibal’s blood-warm eyes despite the other similarities.

Will shuddered.

*

Both naked and luxuriating in the expensive sheets, Will arched his back off of the bed as Duran licked into him. He was so slick, aching for a knot but happy and eager to take the tongue that was delving inside.

It felt nothing like when Hannibal did this, and it wasn’t a case of preferring one over the other. It was simply different, like taking a vacation from home for a few days but also being happy to return. He hadn’t been sure how he’d really feel about this but, so far, these feelings sat okay with him.

He loved Hannibal, he always would - they were bound together in more ways than could be vocalised. But this was an interesting and unique experience - as he knew it would be.

Duran pulled back, trailing his wet mouth up Will’s thigh as he spread his legs further apart and slipped two fingers inside Will.

“Hmm,” Will murmured and wriggled as Duran scissored his fingers inside him, biting his bottom lip.

“Is this what you want Will, to be fucked by someone else? Or did you think I wouldn’t allow it?”

Will blinked, expecting the words to have come from Hannibal, but he still hadn’t arrived and the words came from Duran. The affectation was almost perfect, almost Hannibal, but just different enough for Will to know it really wasn’t his husband speaking.

This really was a game, like many things between he and Hannibal.

This was how Hannibal was going to play it.

“Don’t want anyone else,” Will replied, breathless. “Just you, Hannibal.”

He looked down at the alpha between his legs and saw the pleased smirk pull at his lips. This was what Hannibal had charged him with, and Will was apparently playing along as expected.

He should have anticipated this. Because perhaps, deep down, the truth was that he had expected Hannibal to flat out refuse to let him be with someone else. He wanted Hannibal's possessiveness, his jealousy. If he were here with them, he wanted him seething at the sight of them - enough to throw off the other alpha and take him hard and desperate. To claim him over and over.

"I know," Duran replied, "You were only meant for me, Will."

Hannibal's words in someone else's mouth made him shudder, but it was a sensation that passed quickly as Duran pulled back again. He sat on his haunches, looking down at Will, pressing a tender kiss to the inside of his knee.

"Beg for my knot, Will. I know that's what you truly crave. What no one else can ever give you."

Will whined, missing the sound of the suite door opening as he nodded, "Yes, alpha. I want your knot. Only yours, Hannibal."

With a rumbled growl in his chest, Duran moved up, bracing himself over Will as he lined his hard cock up to Will's wet entrance and slowly pushed inside.

"Nghh," Will let out a strangled sound, his heart breaking in some strange way as he was penetrated. They might be pretending, but it wasn't Hannibal. He was letting someone other than his husband into his body and he knew instantly that he had lost the game. Whatever he had intended, this wasn't it.

"Mmm, you were right, Will. What a delectable sight."

Will felt relief flood through him at the sound of Hannibal's voice. He hadn't heard his alpha approach and hadn't scented him over that of the alpha so close to him. But now he looked over and saw Hannibal sitting casually in the armchair across the room. A shadow fell across him as he sat there, calm and poised with his legs crossed at the knee and hands settled atop them - giving away his demeanour even though his expression was hidden.

"You're doing so well for me, Will."

More relief even as Duran slowly rocked into him.

Hannibal knew how much praise affected him, and Will was glad that he was using it now, reassuring him in all this. He had no doubt at all that Hannibal knew Will would regret this at some point in the evening, but Hannibal was not going to let him back out.

"Hannibal," Will whimpered.

"As you said," Hannibal continued, "like watching a film. Watching myself take you. You were playing a game, Will, but this is my game now. My rules. I will take you as I sit here

and watch."

Will closed his eyes and breathed in deeply. It was Hannibal inside him. It was Hannibal, because he said so, because Hannibal had this way of manipulating reality.

"Hannibal," Will breathed out the name as he snaked his arms up around the alpha.

He angled his hips to meet each slow, sensual thrust, as the alpha lowered his mouth and kissed him. It was at once Hannibal and not him, with each sweep of his tongue or movement inside him. Different and familiar all at once.

"Come apart for me, Will," Hannibal encouraged, his voice reverberating around the room, filling all the air around them even as they devoured each other's mouths. "Come apart as I fill you."

Will whined and felt the alpha push deeper inside him, so deep it was almost painful. He opened his eyes, not realising he'd shut them tight to feel only the sensations of what was happening to him. Hannibal was standing next to the bed now, looking down at them, his hand pushing down on the other's alpha's hip.

"You want it hard and deep, don't you, Will? Want it to hurt, you want to feel me hours from now, as though my knot is still inside you."

Will whimpered again, the noise morphing into a groan as Duran took the cue from Hannibal and adjusted. He planted himself more securely, bracing himself over Will as he started to fuck into him, harder than before, deeper. And it did hurt, it hurt so good.

"Hannibal… H-Hannibal…" He panted, writhing into each thrust.

"So good for me, Will," Hannibal rumbled.

Will watched him as he went back to the chair, sitting without ever breaking eye contact. The smirk on his face just made Will all the wetter and harder. He watched his husband's dark gaze, and the mischievous glint in his eye as the alpha on top of him fucked him hard - the expression lost to the shadows once more as he relaxed into the chair.

"I can see you're close, Will," Hannibal spoke as Will whined, wrapping his legs around the alpha on top of him, pulling him ever closer.

"You're so beautiful when you come. I want to see it. Come for me, omega,"

"Hannibal," Will panted again, his arms tightening around the alpha now, holding him close to his body so that they rocked together, the alpha's knot slapping against him, filling the air with that wet sound.

"Alpha, alpha…" Will mumbled, barely audible as he watched Hannibal over Duran's shoulder.

"Take it, Will. Take my knot."

Duran's hips were rabbiting as he fucked harder with each thrust until his swollen knot forced its way inside Will.

"Fuck, fuck…" Will threw his head back, body shaking as he was fucked on the alpha's knot, Duran grunting above him as Hannibal observed.

It was the thought of Hannibal watching them, smirking as he won whatever game this was meant to be, that made Will come. He cried out as he squirted between them, his inner muscles gripping Duran's knot and squeezing it rhythmically until the alpha let out a deep groan and filled him.

"That's it, take my seed," Hannibal purred, as the alpha above him collapsed onto Will, pressing him into the mattress as he continued to throb and release inside him.

"Alpha…" Will whimpered again, savouring the pressure above and inside him.

He closed his eyes to fully revel in the sensation of being filled, of feeling the alpha's knot swell inside him and his balls throb against him. It felt so different to Hannibal and yet it was Hannibal at the same time.

Will took in a sharp breath and opened his eyes when he felt a hand in his hair. He looked up and there was Hannibal, looking down at him with the same hungry affection he always had.

"Was it everything you wanted, Will?"

Will choked out a sob, unsure of how to answer. Unsure of his own thoughts. Hannibal had won, it was undeniable.

When he didn't answer, Hannibal continued, "Would you like to do this again?" A taunt spoken with a cruel edge, though his grip in Will's hair didn't tighten.

Tears rolled hot down his cheeks and he shook his head ever so slightly.

Hannibal's smile was broad and fond as he continued to stroke Will's hair.

"Good boy."

*

Jean wasn't surprised to find Adam in his apartment when he let himself in - he'd given the alpha a key a few months ago as part of this arrangement they had. Together in an intangible and unspoken way that neither of them desired to examine closely.

Adam was sprawled across the sofa in that bratty way that he had, despite the fact that he would drop to his knees on command.

"Date?" Adam asked, looking up at him with a curious brow raised. They'd never become exclusive, it didn't suit either of them, and truth was there was some pleasure that they found in discussing their hookups. Both in the arousal of relaying what they'd been up to and in the recounting of strange and unusual situations.

More than once Adam, with his specific proclivities, found himself in some very interesting bondage scenes. Sometimes with people whose kinks were a revelation to them both in the retelling.

That was why Jean responded, “Felt like one of your dates, actually,” he spoke as he moved to the sofa and ran his hand into Adam’s soft curls.

“Oh! Sounds like fun! Tell me,” Adam smirked at him and moved his legs so that Jean could sit, promptly resting his legs in Jean’s lap once he did.

“The situation itself was interesting, and somewhat unusual. But… it was more than that.”

“Kinky?”

“In a sense. It was a game, clearly. A threesome that the omega wanted, and the alpha went along with to teach him a lesson. I think in some way they were both okay with that. They took perverse pleasure in attempting to manipulate each other, I feel.”

Adam chuckled, “Perverse? I love it when *you* find something perverse.”

“Hmm,” Jean thought about the evening he’d just experienced. It was more than perverse, it was dangerous. He’d felt that deep in his bones, as someone well versed in danger, those men were dangerous. He might not have been in any danger, he was just a toy for the evening, but he had grave doubts about anyone who got on the wrong side of them.

He was unsure if he’d be in more danger refusing the alpha should he contact him again, or playing with them once more. He hoped to never find out.

“No repeat performance then?” Adam concluded.

“No,” Jean confirmed, as he reached out and pulled Adam into his arms, burying his face in the young alpha’s hair. “I’d be happy to see neither of them again.”

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